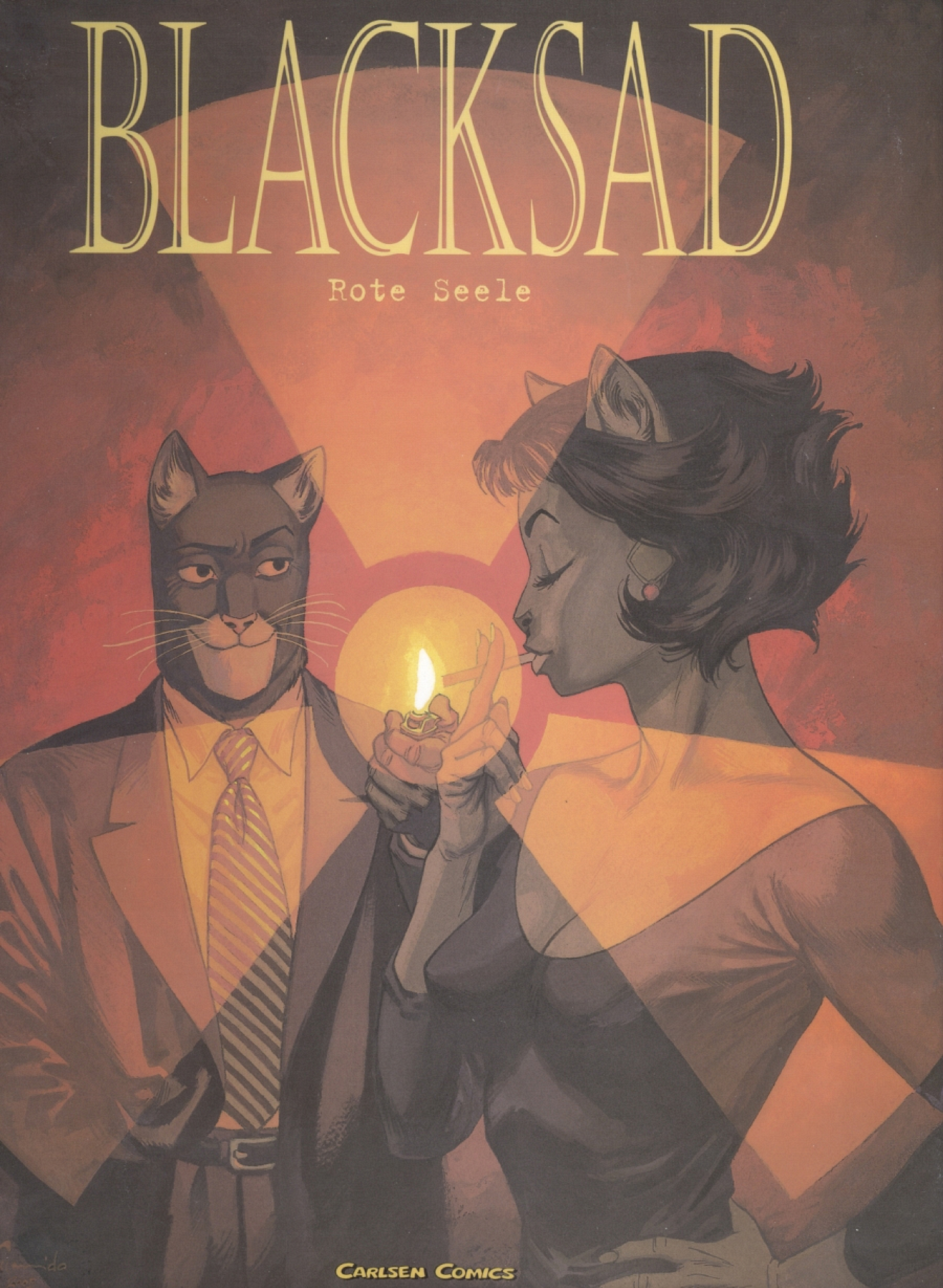
BLACKSAD

Rote Seele



CARLSEN COMICS

It's an odd thing, luck. Who's to say who has it and who doesn't? Certainly not I.

Oftentimes, it isn't enough just to have good luck...

...one also needs good legs.

If one has enough money, however...

...one can generally rely on someone else to do the running for them.

Some might think that I had a lot of "luck". But I didn't go to Vegas on a whim, only to repay a debt.

I had been dealing with bad jobs and stingy clients. Between my bank account and my mind, it was only a question of who would run off first.

If you want to play the game, you need money. And if you lose the game, you pay up. Those are the rules.

So when Hewitt Mandeline offered me a job as "bodyguard and chauffeur", I had little choice but to accept.

Some might have thought that this Blacksad, he was lucky, for now he had a job. I, not so much.

A scheme of Hewitt's involving liquor had led me back home.

My latest job involved accompanying him on a trip to an art museum, where he would sell the paintings he'd won in Las Vegas.

I believe that one can only know whether one is lucky in the face of death...and by then, it is too late.

...and here we have a work from the series "The Soul of the World", painted by Sergen Litvak. It was donated to us recently by the Gotfield Foundation of East Berlin.

Dear lord, that is enormous! How does one pay to have it downsized?

MPF!

If it isn't Blacksad!

I'd hardly expect to find you in a place like this!

It's hardly a place for the chief of police, either.

Yes, I should have known better than to start the day off like this. But my wife is absolutely fascinated by this ju-- these pieces of art.

But then again, I suppose it is good for the children to grow up cultured. Not that they understand that, of course.

And why not? A touch of culture is a healthy addition to anything. I am Dorothy.

John Blacksad... at your service, madam.

So I see. And would this friend of my husband not have any desire to dine with us tonight? He could even bring his own friends, if he wished.

While he would love nothing more, unfortunately he cannot. Some other time, perhaps.

A shame. Until then...

A shame indeed. While I would have liked to, Hewitt had my evening somewhat booked . . .

. . . so I would just have to find something else to make up for it.

GOTFIELD FOUNDATIO

SAMUEL J. GOTFIELD presents

AN ENERGY FOR PEACE

a lecture by Otto Liebber

CONFEREN

APRIL 6 - 19

HALL

7:00 P.M.

A seminar on atomic energy, perhaps...

Christ almighty, they must have taken me for some kind of idiot! Do you have any idea how much they expected me to pay for that overglorified plaster? Through the roof! I've gotten better deals on my couch!

Hopper's ART GALLERY

Now then, what say you and I take a visit to this "Wild Cathouse"? Now that's what I call a good investment!

Thanks for the offer, Hewitt, but I have an old friend I need to visit.

PEACE

Otto Liebber

We live in an age of greatness. An age of great nations...

PEACE

GOTFIELD & CO. = ENEMIES OF AMERICA

... great conflicts ...

REDS OUT OF THE USA

REDS OUT

THIS IS COMMUNIST DEMOCRACY

...and great men, like Otto Leiber.

STALIN IS NOT MY FRIEND

REDS OUT OF THE USA

REDS OUT

COMMUNISTS ARE A MENACE

THIS IS COMMUNIST DEMOCRACY

FREEDOM FOR HUNGARY

NO REDS

...and so I hope that this eloquent young woman's speech will convince you all that this atomic energy is an entirely mad notion.

It's everything we could want from a woman; clean and expendable!

A LECTURE BY OTTO LIEBBER AN ENERGY FOR PEACE

HA!

But seriously, this new energy offers us the key to open the gates of a better world...

Though naturally, they have a little slip from which they can start to rain bombs...

HA!

If the presses were to be believed, Samuel Gotfield had quite a bit to offer. He was a young man, a rich comedian, a dynamic thinker, and a salon communist.

TV

Though in my opinion, there was one description the list was lacking in:

Smug asshole.

End of the line, pal: authorized personnel only past this point.

!

CLANG!

OH!

GOTFI FOUNDATION

REDS GO AWAY

I see. And if I told you that I was an old friend of the professor?

Nice try. Please, go on through... that way.

You really shouldn't judge others by their appearances, kitten. I'm sure you wouldn't like me taking one glance at you and thinking you conceited and stuck-up, eh?

I don't care what you think of me, but if you aren't out of my sight in ten seconds, I'm calling security.

As you will, sweet thing. Once more from the front, then... pirouette, **everyone has a second chance.**

The prodigal son!

Merely a shade of his former glory. I couldn't even convince this young lady to let me past her.

Alma, this is a friend.

My God... you've become a man...

TAP TAP

What have you been up to?

Still the same wretch I've always been; I've only gone from harassing the police to harassing for the police.

Off we go then, Otto! Don't forget your hat now; your thoughts might catch a cold!

Won't you introduce your friend to me? He seems like a man who leads an exciting life!

Appearances can be deceiving--running as a cabbie in training isn't half as exciting as you might think.

CRAASH!

DZING

CLING

BONK!

AAARGH!

Cabbie! Good one! You'll have to tell me all about it sometime--Tuesday, maybe? We're having a little party, and we'd love it if you paid us a visit.

Until then, "Prodigal"!

Smug asshole.

"I saw the greatest of my generation cut down by the insanity. Naked, hungry, hysterical, they now dragged themselves in the dim light by the negro routes in search of a new, more 'hip' leader with an angel-cut back, addicted since their first celestial contact with the star generator in the machinery in the night...

"...those sad, broken, sunken-eyed fools squatted and smoked and waited for the supernatural in abandoned shelters, in jazz meditation floating over the sea of cities..."

I had gone to the party despite knowing full-well that Gotfield would be there. But since my meeting with Liebber, I'd acquired a pining for the good old days. The days when his father, "the minister" to us, would do his "social work" in our miserable quarter of town.

Liebber belonged to "The Twelve Apostles", a group dedicated to more intellectual research than that philanthropist Gotfield could understand.

Among them were men such as Greenberg, the beat poet. At his feet, the married couple entranced by him, the photographer Dora and her husband Klein, the sculptor.

The time of the "witch hunt" was fast approaching. Bill Ratcliff and Jess Logan, actor and director, respectively, had dug themselves in firmly, and the blacklist be damned. The mishmash of people also included the Russian painter Serge's Litvak, the great chemist Laszlo Herzi...

...and the novelist, Alma Meyer.

Briefly, the only one whose name, when biblically arranged, formed the number...

GLUG... HELF... ARG!

...and of course the one who tended to go overboard in everything.

GLUGG! GLAARGH!

Otero, you old quacker. Who invited you to the party?

It seems he's suffering from liquid intake... and I'm not talking about the water.

Ah! My good friend, the cabby!

Hey! This is my own private beach, I can drown here if I want to! Ehahahehah...

If I'd known that, I'd have left him there...

This is the end, My friends!

Otto, tell me that you'll help me build a hiding place for the day when everything on Earth can fly! You worked in Los Alamos, didn't you?

Come, Samuel, you've had quite enough.

BOOM! "And came if, humans death will look for, but I will not find it, will become her will burn will forwards death-require, but death we her will flee!"

"An energy for peace"... your job description has certainly changed, professor. From son of the priest to father of the bomb...

So he has, our good friend; a man full of contradictions. Such a pacifist...

!

... yet nonetheless eager to participate in the creation of the H-bomb!

But...

Cool your blood, Laszlo!

If you continue like that we might begin to think that you're jealous of Liebber, being a nobel prize candidate while you...

?

Cough, cough! The good Samuel is resting. Our party's likely in the water now...

To hell with the nobel prize! I only hope that the academy doesn't make the mistake of celebrating this con-man in the name of science...

Seems that way, doesn't it? Thanks to Gotfield and Laszlo's time-wasting, we're all like to catch cold. I will go home.

I as well, I suppose.

Here, my friend. Watch that you don't come down with pneumonia...

Where did I put those goddamned pills?

Having trouble sleeping...?

... we have at last lived to see the end of this bitter war between the godless communists and Christian law!

I come here with a list of 284 names of senators, all of whom belong to the communist party! Traitors, every one, who seek to undermine the foundations of our nation before our very eyes!

As a patriot, I will hunt these men down! I will go the white house if need be, overturn every possible stone, and...

...ensure that this red scorpion is utterly crushed beneath our boot!

Should we be worried about the effect of senator cock's rants on his crapulous brain...?

He's been that way since Otero's murder...

Hurm. Poor bastard; whoever did it must have really had it in for him.

I would have liked to have thanked him for saving Sam...

Oh, of course... but never I.

I would like to find out who killed Otero. I fear someone is trying to destroy the Twelve Apostles, for whatever reason.

Alma Mayer LA FONTAINE TODAY

Worried about scorpions?

That comment earlier, by the way... I appologize. I tend to act like an idiot in the presence of a beautiful woman.

Already forgotten. I'm not exactly inspired myself.

Ah, even worse. It won't do for a famous novelist to be uninspired.

I can't say I understand how one so intelligent and empathetic came to be with a simpleminded playboy like Gotfield.

Please... I stay with him because he promised me a romantic honeymoon at the Niagra Falls.

To each their own. I would be happy to offer a romantic dinner to them; going to the Niagra Falls for a first date seems a tad excessive.

Hahaha! Thank you, but I've already been claimed.

Both his predecessors have made the same promise and never held it. I believe the first one to do so will be the man of my dreams.

Pity. May I?

You enjoy fairy tales?

I do now.

His friend and ally in the Spanish Civil War, Serge's Litvak was Otero's closest confidant, and practically a brother.

I contented myself with the role of silent observer at first, before I opened my mouth and destroyed the magic of creation. This frail creature transformed a breeze into a hurricane as soon as it felt a brush in its hand or smelled the scent of fresh paints.

Cough, cough... The only project that attracted notice by the day's end was graffiti, which covered the front of the house...

Graffiti?

Life in "America, land of the second chance", isn't half as easy as we were led to believe.

They should all know, my friend, that there are those who don't make it in this damned country, if some exile Republican Spaniard takes over the American Medical Institute. *Cough, cough!*

So it's believed that the killing was a political act?

No. It would be more accurate to say that it stems from anti-communist fanaticism. Now if you'll excuse me...

Litvak's stance did not appear to be an objective one. He saw things through a soldier's eyes.

The encounter did, however, give me a piece of the puzzle.

Blacksad!

As poor Otero is no longer able, please give this back to Liebber.

FLOP!

It had been quite some time since I'd last set foot in a university...

My history as a student was rather colorful...

...but today, I would be attending a lecture.

Still in the habit of clearing the board after each lecture?

Old habits die hard...

Your hat.

Who could have done such a thing to poor Otero?

Whatever happened, he didn't see it coming, or else didn't care to return the hat to its owner before he died. You should be cautious until this thing is solved, professor.

Oh come now, John! The times of hiding in the cellars of the old aquarium near the police station as children are over.

My my, that aquarium... is it still there?

Must have been at least a century since I was last there. I still know where the minister's "crown jewels" are, though.

Yes. The only project for which my father and I received funding, and even then only because the mayor thought that great things would come from it. But we could never provide proper financing for the library and the conservatory...

You did what you could...

...or rather, what they allowed you to do. At least now they have a handful of youths who can read...

I would drive you home, but I am already late for an appointment, so...

No problem; I can get home by myself, and time does not wait. It stalks, professor!

Cliché as it may sound, the fact is that I had a particularly difficult childhood, and I probably wouldn't be alive today if I hadn't had Liebber to be there when I needed him.

Now, it was time to return the favour.

PARKING

Until this blew over, I was his bodyguard.

You don't have to be particularly smart to notice when something is up. If the place is odd, the time likewise, and the persons are consorting most suspiciously...

... then it's generally safe to say that something strange is going on.

PARKING

WAY OUT

WAY OUT

EXIT

ELECTRIC CO.

EXIT

And in such a situation, if one spies a suspicious figure lurking about with a fuse in hand, then they might want to step on...

...THE GAS!

CLICK
VRROOUM

VROUM

PROFESSOOOR!

EXIT

JOHN! WHAT THE DEVIL--

NO TIME!

AAAAH!!

DESOTO

CLAC!

SHOE

KRAAASH!!

PAF!

ARGH!

WHOMP!

AAARGH!

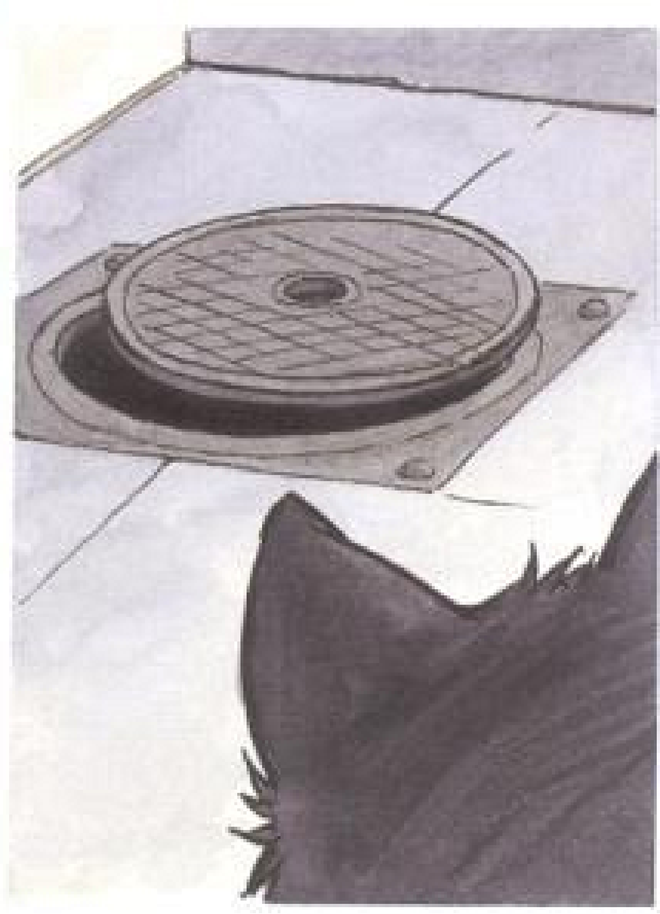
WAAH!!

UUUNNGH...

CRACK

You may be good, cat, but we're better! Next time...

Rachael



WAY
No sign of the driver, dead or dissolved. Vanished into thin air!

Please tell Dorothy that I accept her invitation.

...

This is you?

Yes. From our honeymoon...completely soaked...

Come, John, we should excuse ourselves before they get going...

How I envy you, my dear! To live among such intelligent and cultured people... it must be amazing!

One way to put it, I suppose...

The croc goes by the name "Ribs"; or at least, that's what the police index has him under. He's a thug-for-hire with a record that makes Capone look like a choir boy.

Explosives expert?

No, chemistry is not one of his strong suits. Physics though... man against man. Against man. And this bomb...

Even our lab couldn't pinpoint exactly what made it up.

I wonder where he is now...

SOLING

ROOMS

EVERYBODY
DESERVES
ANOTHER CHANCE

Jealousy.
Jealousy and greed.

Greed had tempted Laszlo into hiring a killer to take out Liebber... but Ribs had done in Otero instead. Because of the hat perhaps?

Thus went my theory...

...but I still needed proof that Ribs and Laszlo were connected.

One twitch...

...and there'll be nothing but air between those ears.

UMPF!

BLAM!

AAARGH!

AAAAAH!

Even the greatest chemist in the world isn't any good without the skills needed to set the bomb. Lucky for you thugs like Ribs exist, eh?

Stop crying, it can't be that bad...

RRRRIIIPP

B65719

I've seen too much to let a thing like this shock me.

I belong to a group of holocaust survivors, dedicated to the hunt of nazi war criminals.

I'm not sure I...

Otto Liebber was not what he seemed. He was a wolf, draped in sheep's clothing...

So you wanted to look through my possessions? Fine. See for yourself.

This is where our prize-winning genius was stationed, before he championed peace and democracy...

Do they read the bible?

...no, naturally. Their kind must have at least once. Therefore they already know that the skies rained destruction once before, and that God named Noah his chosen one, the only one who had prepared for that moment.

Know this, Mister Gotfield. There is no doubt that those of the red are determined to destroy us, and most certainly will if we do not stand strong against their menace.

We must take precautions. It is our duty as God-fearing patriots.

Help me fight against those who would seek to undermine the security of America.

Our? What am I supposed to do?

God, it's hot! Can't breathe...

It is only natural, seeing as we are over sixty feet underground. Above us, there is only chaos. Chaos and sin...

...the axe has already been taken to the root, and each tree that bears no fruit...

...is burned and relinquished...!

Alma. I couldn't ask for a more appealing balm for the pain which Laszlo had exposed me to.

THE END IS NEAR

FOLLOW US!

The end is NEAR

JUDGEMENT DAY IS NEAR!

THE END OF THE WORLD IS COMING

FOLLOW US!

SHOWIN TODA

I MARRIED a Communist

ARRIED NE DAY RO

We'd arranged to meet downtown, in some restaurant that one of the apostles knew...

EXTRA!
FINAL MESSAGE!
GOTFIELD CONFESSES!
RED MEETING
BROKEN UP!

...but our good friend Gotfield had other plans.

FASCIST!

ANIMALS!!

Move it, pal, or I'll do you worse!

FBI

Too late! I had no choice but to fall back on the old trick, that still works to this day...

?!

How goes it, boys? Backup's already on their way.

Any problems?

No-siree, everything here's fine and dandy.

Too full for me. I'll take the stairs.

'kay.

?!?!

Heeyyyy, she's a beauty! Pissed off a husband now, have you? You take this job far too "personally"...

Shh! Keep it down, Weekly!

What the HELL . . . ?!

Get your mind out of the gutter and into someplace useful! I need to hide from the FBI...

MPF!

The FBI? What have you done to me, Blacksad!?

Don't worry about that. You want to appear innocent, don't you?

Sure, but...

I...

Then go and enjoy this beautiful day. I need to hide.

SLAM!

Hehehe, the FBI trick! Ah, what a way to score!

Good old Weekly! Hard to tell which is dirtier, his room or his mind. By now he's off thinking that I'm in here trying charm you out of your dress.

Which you aren't?

That's not my style.

And what, exactly, is your style?

THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC HAS ME IN ITS SPELL
THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC THAT YOU WEAVE SO WELL
THOSE ICY FINGERS UP AND DOWN MY SPINE
THE SAME OLD WITCHCRAFT WHEN YOUR EYES MEET MINE...

THE SAME OLD TINGLE
THAT I FEEL INSIDE
WHEN THAT ELEVATOR
STARTS ITS RIDE...

Have you already heard of Project Noah?

No, why?

I overheard Gotfield mentioning it on the phone. He also spoke of one who would "choose the chosen".

Oh?
So then, you don't care whether the world goes under.

You think it could be connected to the fundamentalist cock.

That idiot. If he's so certain of the end of the world, he should be spending his time enjoying the beauty while it lasts...

It's possible... but I don't know. It's just that he's seemed very strange lately, more and more obsessed with the concept of a nuclear holocaust...

For the moment, yes. I only hope I have enough time to take you to the Niagra Falls.

YOU ARE THE LOVER THAT I'VE WAITED FOR
THE MATE THAT FATE HAD ME CREATED FOR
AND EVERY TIME YOUR LIPS MEET MINE...

BABY DOWN AND DOWN I GO,
ALL AROUND AND AROUND I GO,
IN A SPIN, LOVING THE SPIN I'M IN...

UNDER THAT
OLD BLACK MAGIC
CALLED LOVE...

But aren't you at all interested...

...in what I'm like once I'm sober?

Cough, cough!

This is the "Litvak Chapel" then, eh? Gotta say though... doesn't look much like a chapel to me. Wonder why?

?

Couldn't say, but this sure doesn't seem like a church. More like... a Russian atheist despoiling a house of God.

Maybe he can tell us.

I do hope that he's as talkative as his "apostle" friends were.

That's right, gramps, we know all about you and your pal Liebber...

You know how it goes. You give us names and locations, we let you live on to do more fingerpainting.

GO TO HELL!

Wrong! It's you who's going down under if you don't cooperate!

HA! You're a fool if you think you can make me talk with petty threats! I'm old and ill--I don't fear death.

Now now, no one wants to kill anyone here... so we've brought along this truth serum, just in case.

FUCKING PIGS!

Shit... That's bad.

Very bad...

Well, this is a fine mess we've gotten into...

What say we draw lots to decide who writes the report?

With Alma safe, my next job was finding Liebber. And I knew just where to look...

Do you know what, John? Fish are amazing.

See Benny Blue, there? A terrible monster. He feeds mainly on the tiny red ones who swim around him...

... until they decide that his time is up, and band together to return the favour.

?!

Why not eat him to begin with? Perhaps nature is a game: one side gains points by killing, the other by sparing...

This my father taught me before his demise, if nothing else. He spent his life creating a mistake. A project that failed utterly and totally.

One small mistake can destroy a life... All is not right in the world if others must pay the price for errors that you made. It is an unfair, cruel way of life.

Neither my father's work nor mine have made any impact. I wanted to improve the world, and I failed in that. I gave up too soon. Now nothing has changed, and no one is better for it all.

THIS AQUARIUM WAS INAUGURATED BY REVEREND FATHER Friedrich Liebbe

1930

I returned to my country with the hope of establishing a new order... a better world for creating... which ended in the greatest disaster in history.

I chose the wrong side. Now my homeland is naught but rubble and pain.

After that I gave up, and simply followed Litvak's dreams and fantasies. His vision was flawless, but for one thing: he saw only one half of the fragile balance of power between the two forces which fight to keep this world at peace.

Over a period of months I supplied Litvak with the information necessary to build the H-bomb... ...which he passed on to the Russians.

I am not yet dead, yet nevertheless my name is in the history books. They call me a genius, one who reveals the mysteries of nature...

...and with those secrets I committed the most terrible of mistakes!

And the worst of it all is that there is no time for me to fix it all again...

Goodbye, "Prodigal".

Maybe he was right. It was certainly too late to stop the schematics to the most dangerous weapon on Earth from spreading like wildfire...

But it was worth a try. I searched out Litvak in the hopes that he hadn't already passed on the information...

... but he wasn't in the mood to talk.

Once again, I had lost sight...

...of the big picture.

How had I not seen it before?!

I don't like ports, and tend to avoid them. They always appear in bad noir films, as the means of a stupid escape.

'Evening, sir. My name is John H. Blackmore, customs inspector. Correct me if I'm wrong, but isn't this the ship through which the pictures from the Gotfield Foundation are transported to East Berlin?

?

MMM!

Point taken. Listen, I want this over as much as you do, so I'll just do a quick check of the cargo and be on my way, eh?

FRITZ! JÜRGEN! DER SCHEISS-BULLE HIER NERVT RUM!

... HE!

SPLAT!

MMM!

SPLOTCH!

HA!

I seriously need to broaden my inventory.

In order to pass on the information to the Russians, Litvak had needed a way to transport it without the slightest chance of interception. He was also an artist...

Litvak had transfered Liebber's formula to one of the paintings. Once X-rayed, the radiation would pass through all parts of the painting but the hidden message, revealing the formula.

And he'd hidden it all under a copy of his own painting, "Red Soul".

Thusly: one of the paintings would eventually have to be returned to the exhibit at some point.

Between now and then the Russian scientists would put the painting under X-ray, to find out what they wanted to know. I couldn't let that happen.

AUSTRALIA

And the Australians deserved to get their money's worth...

If someone had told me two weeks ago that I'd soon be packing my bags for my "honeymoon", I'd have laughed in their face.

Travel
NIAGARA FALLS

But life has a tendency to do things you don't expect it to.

CRAASH!

Just about to leave, were we?

FBI

We'll take a look around, if you don't mind.

Do whatever you want, take whatever you want. Just spare me your breath!

Don't mind if I do. And just look what we've dug up...

Let me guess... have you been playing doctor?

SODIUM PEN

Tell me, Mister Blacksad, do you recognize me?

You would be the cock that's always poking around in the wrong holes, I take it? Your show is popular.

46

I am Senator Gallo. Does this mean nothing to you?

I don't care much for politics, I'm afraid. They always interrupt my favorite programs...

I assure you, sir, I meant no disrespect! I only meant to answer your questions clearly.

Listen here, you! I will not allow a common spy such as you to speak to a representative in such a manner.

Spare me your sarcasm! I will tell you now that we know full well that you know where Liebber hides.

You can't possibly expect me to talk.

Of course not. Let us change the subject, then; you heard that the painter, Litvak, was murdered? It appears that the culprit has been determined...

They've already searched his home; suspicious evidence everywhere, things that certainly shouldn't be.

And not to mention the suspicious fingerprints in the artist's studio...

It seems the suspect's headed straight for the electric chair. I'd like to say he hasn't got a chance, but...

CLI CLICLICL CLICK CLICLI CLICKC CLIC

... there's just one thing the police don't know: whether it was a deliberate murder...

...or whether the victim overdosed on spoiled medicine in some absurd accident. If only we had some witness to help us decide the matter...

In order to be a good detective, i.e. a living one, you don't have to be an olympic athlete or a crack shot. You need to be able to make split-second decisions.

In order to win Gotfield over to his side, Gallo had to have offered him something invaluable. Something that even the richest playboy couldn't have afforded--something only attainable through knowing the right people.

ÄCHZ! ÄCHZ! ÄCHZ!

Less-than concrete bonds tied them together, of the sort of democracy that had put Gallo into power. I was convinced that there was one last chance to save Professor Liebber's life.

Bones! Mountains of bones, bleaching in the sun! That is all that'll be left of us if I don't hurry! I need food! I need to hurry... I need fuel! Yes, yes!

Has the dog lost his bones, Gotfield?

What the devil are you on about? You have everything a man could dream of.

HA HA HA! FUNNY MAN!

61-90-34! Take them, take them!

The house, the car, the safe... take it! It's yours! There's no room for it all in my shelter!

Alma's words reverberated in my head...

"Project Noah".

Now I saw what the Machiavellian Senator Gallo had tempted Gotfield with: survival.

In case of a nuclear war, only a select hundred individuals would be brought to the shelter to wait out the waves of death.

And this list named each and every one: all sympathizers to the illustrious Senator Gallo.

There it is!

Do you hear it? The siren!

THE BOMB! I MUST HURRY!

NG NEWS

MORNING NEWS
ESPIONAGE SCANDAL

OTHER NEWS
LEMMING CULT
COLLECTIVE
IMMOLATION
THE RENOWN
PROOF OF
THE FR
TRA
ESPIONAGE SCANDAL
THE SUICIDE OF OTTO LIEBR
ACCUSED BY A
FORMER STUDENT
John Blacksad
the delator:
«no commen
Senator
result
PUBLISHED BY PRESS & POUP, INC.
DIRECTED BY H. WEATHERSPOON
NUMBER

And how was your romantic outing?
Unforgettable.

John Casanova! Your new name!

Here, Week, this is for you.

A present?
Vile things. It would be insubordination to open it.

Hey! You can't do this to me, the king of gossip reporters! My mother was a concierge, and I proudly carry on the tradition...

Cool it, Week, no need to get angry. Who knows? If you're lucky, something bad will happen to me, and you'll be able to publish the contents of that envelope.
?

Fine then, "Mister Mystery", I also have something for you.

Dedicated, you might note...

Whaaaaaat? Don't look at me like that...

Weekly took a real time bomb home with him; that envelope contained the names of the Project Noah beneficiaries, along with anyone else affiliated with Senator Gallo's schemes.

I'd used the list to blackmail the "incorruptible" Senator Gallo. His political career couldn't possibly withstand such a scandal, not to mention all the others who certainly wouldn't be happy with being associated with him.

Rather than face the backlash from the public he'd manipulated, the senator had gladly fabricated not one, but two "suicides" for the press to learn of.

But they'd come at a high price: while Gallo had me under arrest for two weeks, I'd missed my rendezvous with Alma.

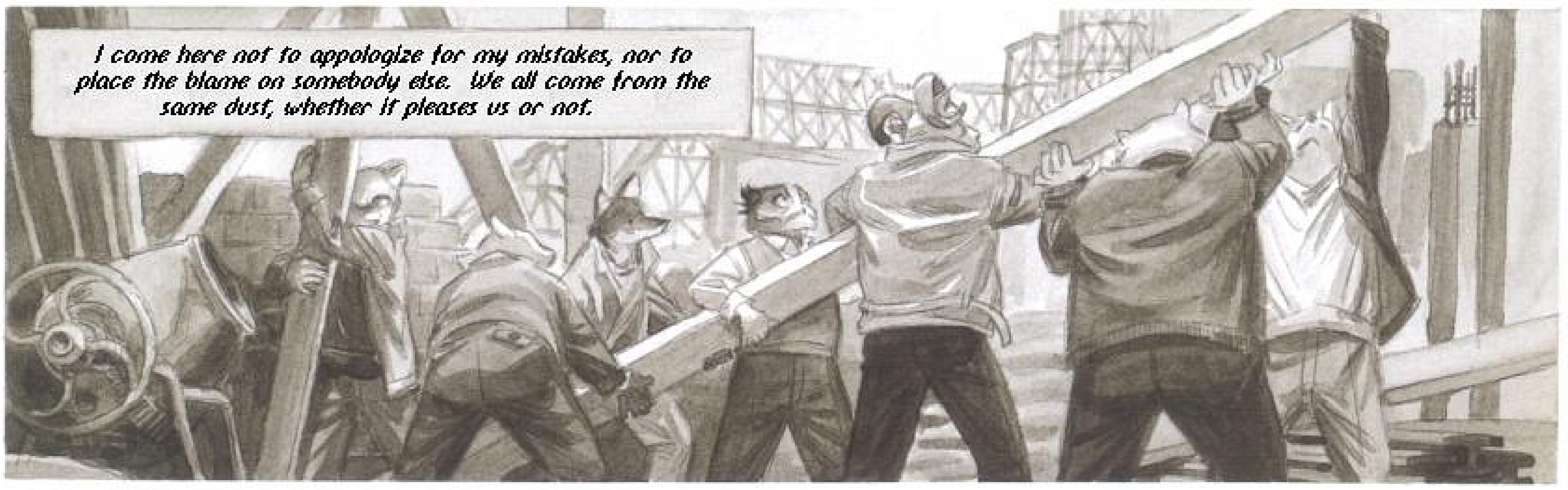
Once free I desperately tried to seek her out... but she'd vanished without a trace. Love had suckerpunched me once again...

... but at least I knew that Liebber was alive somewhere.

My dear friend...

I've long awaited the chance to make my existence worthwhile by attempting to better the world as it is.

HAUPTSTRASSE
From the beginning, I set my sights for the top and leapt. And yet still I fell short of my goals.
The higher I climbed, the more space I put between those I seeked to aid. My science has been used for terrible purposes. I overstepped my ideals without even realizing.


I come here not to appologize for my mistakes, nor to place the blame on somebody else. We all come from the same dust, whether it pleases us or not.

I would like to take this moment to thank you for all that you've done for me, it it comforts you, and to tell you that for the first time in a long time, I feel lucky.

Fare thee well on your journey, "Prodigal".
- Der Professor

Don't call it superstition... Say instead "that Old Black Magic called Love..."

Alma

ALMA M... LA FON... TOD...

John Blacksad ...tan Street

The End.

JUANJO GUARNIDO & JUAN DÍAZ CANALES
- 2005 -

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